

THE
SONGS,
WITH
THE GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT,
TO BE SUNG BY
MRS. WOODMAN,
AT THE
CROWN and ANCHOR TAVERN in the
STRAND.

Harding C 3816



S O N G S

TO BE SUNG

BY MRS. WOODMAN.

COME HOPE.

COME Hope, thou queen of endless smiles,
Whose aid the woes of life beguiles;
With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,
Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest;
I feel thy gladsome ray
Dawn on my soul like rising day,
My heart no more shall feel its care,
For joyful Hope inhabits there.

A

BRAES

BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

I.

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe and the fountains to flow;
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain,
 Yet Cloe less gentle was deaf to her swain.

II.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 E'er Cloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view,
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they;
 New scenes of distress please only my sight;
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

III.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires;
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind;
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind;
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care!
 To lengthen its moments that lengthens despair.

R O S L I N

ROSLIN CASTLE.

I.

'TWAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That *Colin* with the morning ray
 Arose, and sung his rural lay ;
 Of *Nanny's* charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with *Nanny* rung,
 While *Roslin Castle* heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the chearful strain.

II.

Awake, sweet muse ! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms ; awake, and sing ;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 Who hail the morning with a song :
 To *Nanny* raise the chearful lay ;
 O ! bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

III.

O, come, my love ! thy *Colin's* lay
 With rapture calls, O come away !
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine :

A 2

O ! hither

O! hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring;
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

MRS. WOODMAN'S *New Introductory Song in LOVE IN
 A VILLAGE. The Words by Mr. ADAM SMITH, Music
 by Mr. BATES.*

WHEN we hear a lover sigh,
 Sure its cruel to deny;
 Lovers pains we e'er can heal,
 If the lover's pains we feel.
 Happy then, O! sooth his grief,
 Deal the balm of soft relief;
 Meet with smiles your fav'rite swain,
 Cheer his Heart and ease his pain:
 Pleas'd with joy each heart shall glow,
 Nor no future sorrows know.
 Value love, and peace bestow,
 Such as wedded pairs should know.

T H E

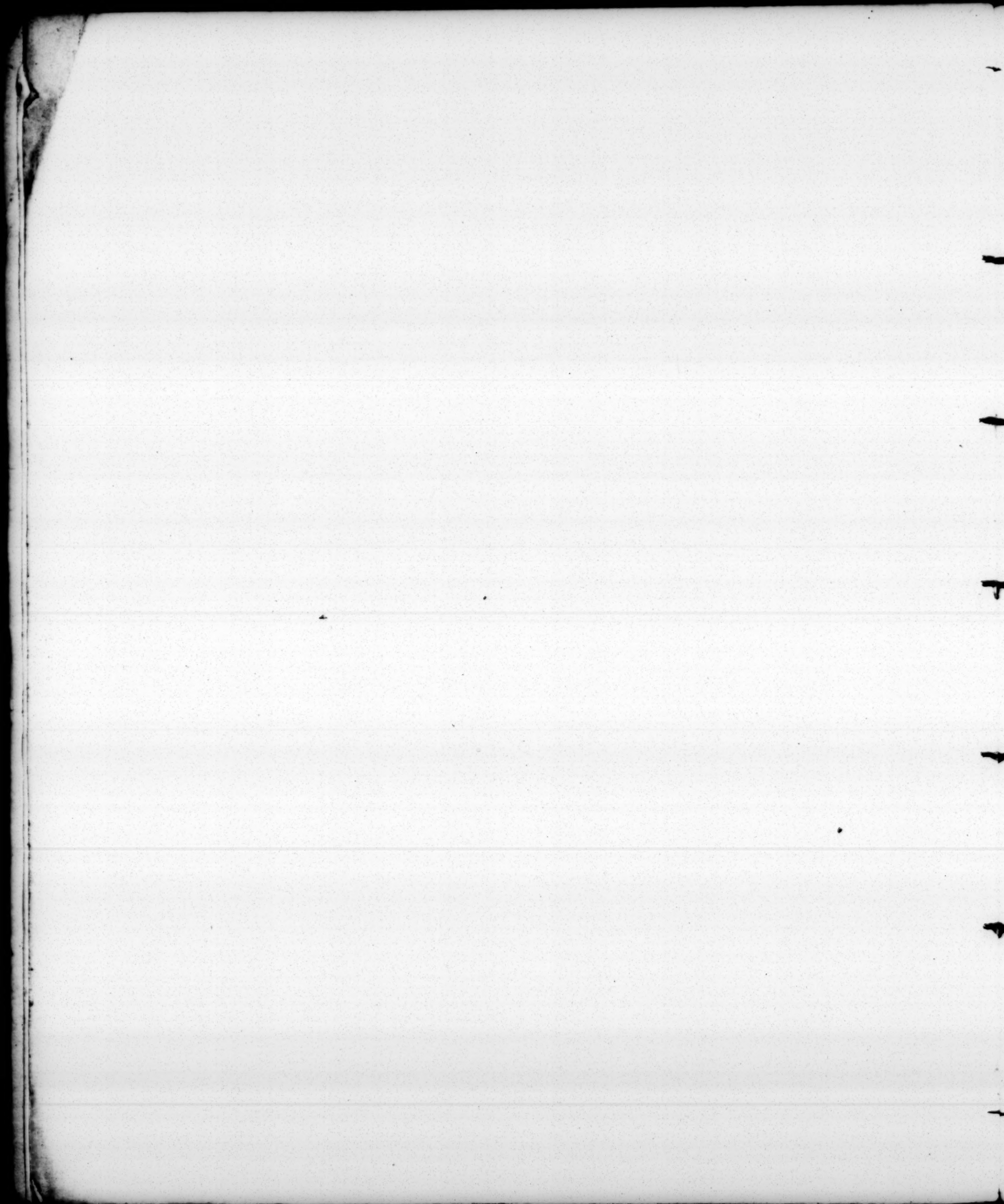
T H E
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

T O B E S U N G

B Y M R S. W O O D M A N.

The Words written, and the Music compiled from the most
Eminent Masters,

B Y M R. A D A M S M I T H.



T H E
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT,

To be Sung by Mrs. WOODMAN at her Benefit Concert.

By A D A M S M I T H.

R E C I T.

WITH grateful heart the tribute which to you
With joy I pay—*permit it as your due,*
Friends of my Freedom dear, from direful *Strand*
You have nobly loos'd the poor captive's band.
No more captivity does the captive sway,
No captive further *I*, than *you* t'obey:
You have each mist and foggy gloom dispel'd,
And every sorrow in my bosom quell'd.
To save the *Widow, Mother, Orphans dear,*
You, with the *parent*, drop'd a parent's tear.
From *your* protection I enjoy my peace,
And all my study shall be, *how* to please.

A I R.

A I R. M R. H U D S O N.

I.

TO you, my friends and patrons dear,
Once more before you I appear,
With chearful heart and tuneful glee,
To sing the sweets of Liberty.

II.

What's life 'thout liberty and peace?
What's life when daily robb'd of ease?
The poorest clown may happy be,
When blest with health and liberty.

III.

Grant me, ye powers! I ask but this,
A decent cot, with healthful blifs,
Where I may ever happy be,
T' enjoy the sweets of liberty.

R E C I T.

WOULD heav'n this blessing but bestow,
To ease my cares and heart-felt woe,

A I R.

THEN to the blithsome realms I'd wing,
With joy elate and rapture sing;
From cruel fate's all galling chain,
To breathe dear liberty again.

A I R.

A I R. H A N D E L.

'TIS Liberty, *sweet* liberty's a prize
That adds new lustre to the eyes,
And *laughing*—LIFE! all frolic skims away.

R E C I T.

AS soars the lark to heav'ns gate,
With joy thus wing'd from rigid fate
In tuneful numbers, here I bring
The laurel due—
My thanks to you
With heart o'erflowing sing.

A I R. D R. A R N E.

FROM grief with eyes all streaming,
And plung'd in thorny ways,
A shining ray stood beaming
And heighten'd in the blaze.
That Beam *you* were protecting,
The beam such lustre cast,
I on your care reflecting
Am pleas'd with what is past.

A I R.

A I R. T E N D U C C I.

GUARDIANS of my peace I'll never
To my duty prove untrue ;
Nor forget the public favour,
While I've health to pleasure you.
For your favour thus extending,
I to Night will bid adieu ;
And, in *Gratitude all bending*,
Humbly take my leave of you.



